

Sun

LIBRETTO

A stylized line drawing of a sun and a sea. The sun is represented by a simple, hand-drawn circle with a few rays extending from its top. The sea is represented by a series of wavy lines below the sun. The drawing is positioned to the left of the title 'Sun & Sea'.

&

Sea

(Marina)

1.
SUNSCREEN BOSSA NOVA

I.
Hand it here, I need to rub my legs...
'Cause later they'll peel and crack,
And chap.

Hand it I will rub you...
Otherwise, you'll be red as a lobster...

Hand it I will rub you...

2.
YOUNG MAN FROM
THE VOLCANO COUPLE

I.
I flew to a Portuguese corrida –
A short trip, just for fun.
But then the pilot had to land the plane
in London:
So I called up my friends
And stayed over for a couple of days.
And from that day on,
Linda and I never been apart.

Not a single climatologist predicted a
scenario like this.
Maybe someone had a feeling – perhaps
the bull?...

...perhaps the bull?...

3.
VACATIONERS' CHORUS

I.
TODAY THEY HAVE RAISED
THE RED AND YELLOW FLAG UP
HIGH:
THE WHIRLPOOLS OF THE SEA,
DROP-OFFS,
RIP-TIDES,
UNDERTOWS.
YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED
TO WADE IN
DEEPER THAN YOUR KNEES!

4.
SIREN'S ARIA

I.
The man I once married,
My ex, he drowned in South-East Asia.
He was the best of swimmers,
On vacation with his girlfriend.
To this very day, no one can understand
how it could happen to him:
Some say he was swimming out too far
beyond the shore,
And the deep waters took him in.
Others, knowing him better,
Claim he had suffered a cramp due to
a magnesium deficiency...

5.
VACATIONERS' CHORUS

II.
YOU ARE STRONGLY ADVISED TO
STAY ON SHORE,
YOU SHOULD NOT LEAVE YOUR
CHILDREN UNOBSERVED!
JUST BUILD CASTLES IN THE SAND,
WALK THE BEACH COLLECTING
STONES, SHELLS, AMBER, AND
BABY TEETH!...

6.
WEALTHY MOMMY'S SONG

I.
My boy is eight and a half
And he has been swimming in
The Black,
The Yellow,
The White,
The Red,
The Mediterranean,
Aegean seas...
He has already visited two of the world's
great oceans,
And we'll visit the remaining ones this
year!

Two weeks ago, my husband took me
diving in Australia.
Two photographers swam after us –
included in the price!
Our little one stayed on shore together
with our nanny...

We explored the coral forests,
We climbed through their branches,
It certainly tired us, such density!...

What a relief that the Great Barrier Reef
has a restaurant and hotel!
We sat down to sip our piña coladas –
included in the price!
They taste better under the water,
Simply a paradise!

7.
CHANSON OF ADMIRATION

I.
What a sky, just look, so clear!
Not a single cloud...
What is there? – seagulls or terns?
I can never tell...

O la vida
La vida...

8.
SONG OF EXHAUSTION.
WORKAHOLIC'S SONG

I.
I really don't feel that I can let myself
slow down,
Because my colleagues will look down
on me.
They'll say I have no strength of will.
And I'll become a loser in my own eyes.

Exhaustion, exhaustion, exhaustion,
exhaustion...
Exhaustion, exhaustion, exhaustion,
exhaustion...

Exhaustion –
I like to say it as a joke –
It's like a mammoth,
A nonexistent creature, gone extinct.
Encyclopedias have it,
But in life – a thing you'll never meet.

9.
CHANSON OF TOO MUCH SUN

II.
My eyelids are heavy,
My head is dizzy,
Light and empty body,
There's no water left in the bottle.

MY EYELIDS ARE HEAVY,
MY HEAD IS DIZZY,
LIGHT AND EMPTY BODY,
THERE'S NO WATER LEFT IN THE
BOTTLE.

10.
DREAM

I'm a guest at the house of the author of
this book.
It's pleasant and comfy atmosphere, I feel
like laughing.
But all of a sudden, the host starts
massaging his temples,
Closing his eyes,
He says: I don't feel too well, it's back
again, it's time!
Time for what? – I ask him, feeling
concerned.

And then he explains it all to me:
I HAVE IN MY HEAD A TUMOR
THE SIZE OF AN EGG,
IT GIVES ME PAINS THAT I CAN
HARDLY BEAR!
I NEED TO EAT A HANDFUL OF
SHRIMP,
AND ONLY THEN DOES THE
SUFFERING END.
I HAVE TO GET SOME SHRIMP,
QUICKLY,
TAKE ME TO A RESTAURANT,
UP THERE, ON THE HILL, INSIDE
THE CASTLE...

He starts to panic,
I say: OK.
Only Wait, I say, I don't know how to drive.
And wait, I say again, now getting angry:
How can you eat shrimp when you are the
ambassador of eating raw?
You are the spokesman for uncooked,
vegetarian food,
How can you be such an impudent liar?
You fraud!

I start to hit him with my fists, and wake
up soaking in sweat –
I've never had a stranger dream!

11.

PHILOSOPHER'S COMMENTARY

I.

Is it not a comical even grotesque situation:
Ancient Persia, China, India –
Some of the oldest civilizations in the
world.
A thousand years went by and we are
Lying here on the beach,
Snacking on super sweet dates imported
from Iran,
Playing a game of chess invented by
Indian Brahmins,
Wearing swimming suits made in the
factories of China –
Is this not a parody of the Silk Road?

12.

SONG OF COMPLAINT

I.

What's wrong with people – they come
here with their dogs,
Who leave shit on the beach, fleas on
the sand!

I come home from the shore, covered with
bites, and my skin itching like mad.

What's wrong with people – they drink
beer in the heat of the day!
They spill it and it seeps into the sand,
Then it smells like a slum-hole!

Which then plays a nice duet with bites
of sandwich left behind –
It feels like lying all day by a homeless man!

Recently, I stretched my blanket out – right
on the old remains of smoked fish –
It was all rotten skin and bones!
I could smell the stench as I lay down.
Turning on my stomach, a foreign body –
A champagne cork – poking my ribs!
What's wrong with people – is it so hard
to walk to a trash bin, or what?

What's wrong with people – they come
here with their dogs,
Who leave shit on the beach, fleas on the
sand!...

13.

SOLO: The colours of the sea and sky
have changed.

CHORUS: THIS SEASON THE SEA IS
AS GREEN AS THE FOREST X₃

14.

SIREN'S ARIA

II.

The great-great-great-grandmother of fish
Passed on to her descendants the secrets
of gill control:
Every animal kingdom has its special
privileges,
Everything is wisely planned out, but
humankind –
Well, you don't have to look far – my
aforementioned husband, my ex –
Was so inclined to rash behavior.
This mammal with limited lung power,
Still tries so hard to go into the sea,
To dive down deep:
He wants to conquer and control what is
not his to own...

Acidic waves,
Ivory foam,

Rocking the boats full of canned goods,
tourists, fruits, and weapons.

Airplanes in the sky,
Ships sailing the sea.

ACIDY WAVES,
IVORY FOAM –
AIRPLANES IN THE SKY,
SHIPS SAILING THE SEA...

15.

THE COUPLE'S DISTANCE SONG

–So what time in the morning is your
flight?

–It's quarter past seven!

–So you need to be there before five...

–I am already getting sad...

–In the morning, I'll make an omelet...
Then we'll see each other in a week...

–But that week seems so long...

–We should remember to get some gas!
–Can you rub my shoulders? They're
burning.

16.

WEALTHY MOMMY'S SONG

II.

...we said we'd celebrate our son's birthday
there in a year and a half!

What an amazing sight!

Those coral horns, that bleached, pallid
whiteness...

You have to see it, words cannot describe it!

...our baby boy will be ten in a year and
a half!

I want him to see the Great Barrier Reef
with his own eyes!

My boy is eight and a half
And he's already been swimming in

The Black,

The Yellow,

The White,

The Red,

The Mediterranean,

Aegean seas...

He has already visited two of the world's
great oceans,

And we'll visit the remaining ones this year!

17.

PHILOSOPHER'S COMMENTARY

II.

The banana comes into being, ripens
somewhere in South America,
And then it ends up on the other side of
the planet,
So far away from home.
It only existed to satisfy our hunger in
one bite,
To give us a feeling of bliss.

Serotonin from Ecuador – in our
northern flatland,
For any time of day or time of year...

18.

SONG OF COMPLAINT

II.

...ever since my childhood, smoked fish
carries unpleasant associations:
My grandmother used to make me
eat smoked fish with mayonnaise for
breakfast –
Everyday, the same.
A strange bird, now passed away.

Our farmhouse is full of grandmother's
things, we didn't want them anymore
at home:

We're going out there next weekend,
I'll carry out all the coats, and furs, and
books into the sun.

Only that sun...

One doesn't know what to expect...

Even snow in summer wouldn't surprise me!

Everything is out of joint:

The beginning of May brought frost and
snow

And winter gives us buds and mushrooms...

You see, we had Christmas at our
farmhouse,

But this year, there was no frost, no snow,
it felt like it could be Easter!

Unusual, very unusual, it made for a
very strange mood:

In the morning, I rose before everyone else

And I went into the woods –

There was refreshing green moss,

Just like in springtime!

And as I walked the path, there beyond
the well,

I found three chanterelles!
The end of December, how come?

As granny liked to say: The end of the
world!

19.
CHANSON OF ADMIRATION

III.
Rose-colored dresses flutter:
Jellyfish dance along in pairs –
With emerald-colored bags,
Bottles and red bottle-caps.

O the sea never had so much color!

20.
SONG OF EXHAUSTION.
WORKOHOLIC'S SONG

II.
I finally learned to stay calm,
Not to take my state of mind home.
And at work there are unwritten rules,
we could call them etiquette:
Don't complain when things get difficult,
When you are lacking sleep,
When you are under the weather.
Even if you run out of gas – just keep
smiling..

But suppressed emotions, I noticed, don't
disappear so easily,
They get knotted up in your psyche:
Suppressed negativity finds a way out
unexpectedly,
Like lava.
LIKE LAVA, LIKE LAVA, LIKE LAVA,
LIKE LAVA...

I feels so bad when I can't control myself,
And I lose my cool in public.
Then I feel sorry for myself, guilty,
I feel ashamed...
LIKE LAVA, LIKE LAVA, LIKE LAVA,
LIKE LAVA...
EXHAUSTION, EXHAUSTION,
EXHAUSTION, EXHAUSTION,
IT'S LIKE A MAMMOTH –
A NON-EXISTENT CREATURE
GONE EXTINCT:
ENCYCLOPEDIAS, THE ANNALS OF
HISTORY– HAVE IT,
BUT IN LIFE – A THING YOU'LL
NEVER MEET
YOU'LL NEVER MEET

YOU'LL NEVER MEET...

VACATION IS WHAT KILLED THE
MAMMOTH –
OFFICIALLY, THE CREATURE DOES
NOT EXIST, BUT ACTUALLY,
IT'S A SPECIES THAT BREEDS AT
THE HIGHEST RATE.

AFTER VACATION,
YOUR HAIR SHINES,
YOUR EYES GLITTER,
EVERYTHING IS FINE.

After vacation,
Your hair shines,
Your eyes glitter,
Everything is fine.

21.
VOLCANO STORY

PEOPLE HAVE BEEN PLANNING
ALL YEAR LONG THEIR TEN DAYS
OFF THEIR VACATION,
WHICH THEY ONLY TAKE ONCE
EVERY YEAR.
NOW SITTING ALL SWEATY IN THE
AIRPORT WAITING ROOM –
GOLDEN HOT SAND EXISTS ONLY
IN THE BROCHURE.

THE VOLCANO ERUPTED
UNEXPECTEDLY,
CONTRARY TO ALL THE
DIAGRAMS AND TIME TABLES –
NOT A SINGLE CLIMATOLOGIST
PREDICTED A SCENARIO LIKE
THIS.

BEFORE IT REACHED THE AIRPORT,
THE AIRPLANE WAS CAUGHT UP
IN THE BLACK CLOUD.
WHEN ASHES ARE DRAWN INTO
THE HOT ENGINE,
THEY BECOME GLASS:
ASHES, AEROPLANES,
ASHES, AEROPLANES,
ASHES, AEROPLANES...

YOUNG MAN FROM
THE VOLCANO COUPLE

II.
I stayed over for a couple of days,
Until the panic and the ashes diminished.

Until airport paralysis came to an end.
My friend here introduced me to his sister:
– We are together!...
– We are together!...

22.
3D SISTERS' SONG

– I cried so much when I learned that
corals will be gone.
And together with the Great Barrier Reef
the fish would go extinct –
From sharks to the smallest fry.
– I cried so much when I learned bees
are massively falling from the sky,
And with them all the world's plant life
will die.
– I cried so much when I understood
that I am mortal,
That my body will one day get old and
wither.
And I won't see, or feel, or smell ever
again...

– My mother left a 3D printer turned on.
And the machine began to print me out.

When my body dies, I will remain,
In an empty planet without birds, animals
and corals.
Yet with the press of a single button,
I will remake this world again:
– 3D corals never fade away!
– 3D animals never lose their horns!
– 3D food doesn't have a price!
– 3D me lives forever!

I will print you out, mother,
When I need you,
My sister too, I will print you out,
When I miss you dearly.
All of us together will print out some
meat,
And shrimp as well,
When we want something savoury to eat.
And we will print out the bees,
So that at least some sweetness is left.

3D CORALS NEVER FADE AWAY!
3D ANIMALS NEVER LOSE THEIR
HORNS!
3D FOOD DOESN'T HAVE A PRICE!
3D ME LIVES FOREVER!

23.
SUNSCREEN BOSSA NOVA

II.
Will you cover my back with it, please?...
I bought us some new sunscreen...
What does it say?...
...let's read it...
It should be good enough...
Hand me my glasses...
Look in the other bag there...

Protection for hypersensitive skin...
Schutz für überempfindliche Haut...
Защита сверхчувствительной кожи...
Protezione per la pelle ipersensibile...

24.
VACATIONERS' CHORUS

III.
THIS YEAR THE SEA IS AS GREEN
AS A FOREST:
EUTROPHICATION!
BOTANICAL GARDENS ARE
FLOURISHING IN THE SEA –
THE WATER BLOOMS.
OUR BODIES ARE COVERED WITH
A SLIPPERY GREEN FLEECE,
OUR SWIMSUITS ARE FILLING UP
WITH ALGAE,
EMPTY SNAIL HOMES, SWOLLEN
SEAWEED, FISH REMAINS,
AND ALL KINDS OF SHELLS...

An opera-performance by
Rugilė Barzdžiukaitė, Vaiva Grainytė,
Lina Lapelytė

Texts: Vaiva Grainytė, translated from
Lithuanian by Rimas Užgiris
Music and musical direction: Lina Lapelytė
Direction and scenography: Rugilė
Barzdžiukaitė